At ample point all that I did poſſeſſe,
Saue theſe mens lookes, who do me thinkes finde out:
Some thing not worth in me ſuch rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vliſſes*
Ile interrupt his reading, how now *Vliſſes?*
Vliſſ. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.
Achil. What are you reading?
Vliſſ. A ſtrange fellow here,
Writes me that man, how dearely euer parted:
How much in hauing or without or in
Cannot, make boſt to haue that which he hath,
Nor feeles not what he owes but by reflection:
As when his vertues ayming vpon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe
To the firſt giuers.
Achil. This is not ſtrange *Vliſſes,*
The beauty that is borne here in the face:
The bearer knowes not, but commends it ſelfe,
To others eyes, nor doth the eye it ſelfe
That moſt pure ſpirit of ſence, behold it ſelfe
Not going from it ſelfe: but eye to eye oppoſed,
Sallutes each other, with each others forme.
For ſpeculation turnes not to it ſelfe,
Till it hath trauel'd and is married there?
Where it may ſee it ſelfe: this is not ſtrange at all.
Vliſſ. I do not ſtraine at the poſition,
It is familiar, but at the authors drift,
Who in his circumſtance expreſsly proues,
That no man is the Lord of any thing:
Though in and of him there be much conſiſting,
Till he communicate his parts to others,
Nor doth hee of himſelfe know them for aught:
Till he behold them formed in the applauſe.
Where th'are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voice againe or like a gate of ſteele:
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders back
His figure and his heate. I was much rap't in this,
And apprehended here immediately,